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**Agricultural.**

THE WIXOM SALE OF SHORT-HORNS.

The public sale of Shorthorns by Mr. Willard Wixom, of Wixom, was held on Wednesday last as per announcement. The weather was simply execrable. It rained, snowed, blew, turned very cold, and was altogether a most uncomfortable, depressing day. This undoubtedly prevented many from attending, and had a serious effect upon the bidding. Mr. Wixom stood up to the rack like a thoroughbred, saw choice young animals led into the ring, and sold at little above beef prices, but he never "kicked." On the contrary, he entertained those present at noon and after the sale in a most royal manner, and if cattle sold cheap there was lots of good feeling, which even the miserable day could not dampen. Col. J. A. Mann worked as man never worked before, in the face of a cold wind which would have paralyzed a graven image, and never knocked an animal down until the last ditch was reached. A large portion of the cattle were sold in the neighborhood, many to young men who thought it a good time to buy a few when they were to be had at such prices. All offered were sold at prices ranging from \$4 to \$8. The names of purchasers and the animals they secured are as follows:

FEmaLES.

Maggie Wellington 3d, a Henrietta, by Benick's Sharon, A. E. Green, Orchard Lake.

Sharon's Ayley, an Ayley Lady, by Oakland Rose of Sharon 4452, Mr. Johnson, Walled Lake.

8th Phyllis of Holmhurst, a Young Phyllis, by Major Booth 32240, and calf by Barrington Duke, D. W. Leonard, Pontiac.

Phyllis Hens, Young Phyllis, by Duke of Crown Farm 5332, Thos. Johns, Wixom.

Phyllis Duchess 3d, Young Phyllis, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, Thos. Johns, Wixom.

Oxford Vanquish 26th, Oxford Vanquish, by Barrington Duke of Sharon 54679, Henry Brooks, Wixom.

Oxford Vanquish of Wixom, daughter of above, by Duke of Headwater 91657, Henry Brooks, Wixom.

Little Bell 2d, Barrington 2d, Young Mary, by Prince of Barrington 66735, John W. Morris, Walled Lake.

Belle Barrington, daughter of above, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, W. Smith, New Hudson.

7th Rose of Wixom, Rose of Sharon, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, James Morris, Wixom.

3d Rose of Wixom, Duchess of Sutherland, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, A. P. Renwick, Ann Arbor.

Sativa 4th, Moss Rose, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, P. Taylor, Novi.

Lady Elizabeth 2d, Duchess of Sutherland, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, P. Taylor, Novi.

Miss Wiley, Hero, Miss Wiley, by Hero 43240, John J. Murdoch, Cassville, Huron Co.

Miss Wiley Barrington 2d, a Miss Wiley, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, A. E. Green, Orchard Lake.

BULLS.

2d Barrington Lad, a Henrietta, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, J. W. Morris, Wixom.

3d Barrington Duke of Sharon, an Ayley, by Lady, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, to Frank Heath, Wixom.

8th Phyllis Duke of Barrington, Young Phyllis, by Barrington Duke 7th, Thomas Johns, Wixom.

Philly Duke 4th, Young Phyllis, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, A. Bentley, Walled Lake.

Sutherland 4th, Duchess of Sutherland, by Poppy Duke of Alredie 27470, Wm. Smith, New Hudson.

2d Barrington Duke of Sutherland, by Barrington Duke 7th 72667, L. B. Flint, Novi.

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H. M. Overton sold his onion crop direct from the field, delivering them at the side track at Charles' Crossing, for 65 cents per bushel. He will have 2,100 bushels from three acres of ground. For a piece of swamp once considered worthless, \$45 per acre is not bad for one year's crop. --*Bangor Reflector*.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE!"

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the flocks of H. R. and D. P. Dewey, of Grand Blanc.

It is some time since we have had an opportunity of looking over the flocks in the vicinity of Grand Blanc, where for a number of years the American Merino has held a high place, and the flock a reputation for careful breeding and excellence.

The Messrs. Dewey, since their first arrival in Genesee County, have taken an active interest in the general improvement of farm stock, but especially devoted time and labor in bringing up their flocks to a high standard. When they decided to go into the breeding of thoroughbred Merinos, their first care was to secure a foundation upon which they could build with confidence.

Living for years near the home of Peter and George Martin, in Rush, N. Y., and knowing the reputation of this stock, they naturally turned to it for material. The flock of the Messrs. Martin had been started by the purchase of 40 ewes, by Little Wrinkly 58, Then six ewes bred by C. N. Hayward, of Bridport, Vermont, which latter had been first prize winners as lambs in Addison Co., Vt., and first year at N. Y. State Fair at Buffalo, were bought at \$150 per head. The ram Torrent 71, bred by F. H. Dean, and also sired by Little Wrinkly 58, was used. The tops of the flocks were never sold. The first purchase of the Messrs. Dewey was the lower half of the yearling ewes in 1872. Then one entire crop of the yearling ewes of both flocks was purchased by the Messrs. Dewey in company with J. H. Thompson in 1884. To these were subsequently added some ewes from the G. F. Martin flock. In 1881 a visit was paid to the flock of J. Horatio Earl, of Skaneateles, N. Y., and the tops of the flock, barring three ewes, purchased. We shall watch the introduction of this new blood into these flocks with much interest, and we think the result will be a material gain in evenness and weight of fleece, as it has proved in the Martin flock.

For the Michigan Farmer.

UNION FARMERS' CLUB.

Oct. 14th the Union Farmers' Club met at Grange Hall, three and a half miles southwest of Union City. The heavy rain the previous day left the roads in bad condition, and the weather was such as to cause us to fear a slim attendance, but by 9 A. M. teams began to arrive, and before the hour of opening additional seating had to be placed in the hall to accommodate those already on hand.

Promptly at 10:30 o'clock President Harsh called the meeting to order. After the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, the opening Song, "The Merry Mill Wheel," was rendered in a very effective manner by Mr. Zimmerman, assisted by Mrs. Leck, Mrs. Close, Mrs. Hagen, with Mrs. Harrison at the organ; after which Mr. Geo. H. Turner, the present Register of Deeds for Branch County, was introduced, and read a paper on "Atmosphere," which was full of scientific knowledge, and showed that Mr. Turner thoroughly understood the chemical nature of the air we breathe.

Next was a paper by John McCauley, "In what way are the farmers of this State benefited by the appropriation by Congress for conducting agricultural experiments?" The paper was an interesting one, and led to a long discussion. Mr. Kilbourn thought the paper full of information which farmers as a rule had not obtained, believed the experiment stations in our State were doing good work and were in good hands.

J. D. Studley thought the work of experiment stations ought to be in the hands of practical agricultural specialists, who would be more likely to benefit the average farmer than college professors, who generally had some pet scheme to nurse, whether practical or not; while the plan outlined by E. A. Willey, of PawPaw, in the *Grange Visitor*, never reached the goal he was striving for, and the history of sheep husbandry exemplifies now it is. \* \* \* \* The man who sticks to a business he fully understands is the man who wins. The man who is continually changing from one thing to another, without due consideration of his own knowledge or fitness for the business he is undertaking, never reaches the goal he is striving for, and the history of sheep husbandry exemplifies now it is. \* \* \* \* The man who sticks to a business he fully understands is the man who wins. 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**Horticultural.****SETTING AN ORCHARD.**

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.  
With your consent I will answer partially the inquiry headed "Who will give us the information?" in your last issue, by Geo. W. Merrill. From long experience in this famed apple region, the Rhode Island Greening stands to-day the first in the many excellencies it possesses, as hardy, long-lived, prolific. Hubbardton Nonpareil stands high, is a rather small apple but good bearer. Lady's Sweet—for a sweet apple—has no equal, it is exceptional in these characteristics, uniformly fair, a wonderful bearer, very healthy tree. No man makes a mistake in setting this variety, sooner than in setting Concord grapes for a certainty.

Good three year old trees are better to set than rather inferior four year olds. I should by all means use first class trees; and would set them 40 feet apart each way, confident that I could better till the land, and permit more air and sunshine to secure the red rich colored cheek and the luscious taste. I would select, if I could, a soil largely clay, a clay loam, or subsoil of clay. Sandy land here is not good, for Greenings especially. I would trim these trees for a long body. Never cut the upright branches in the center, only as they need the smaller ones taken out for fruit alone; a fatal mistake is in cutting the centre of any fruit tree.

You will now have a beautiful orchard. You may stand on one side and look clear through to the other, and not break your neck, drive your fat horses under the branches and plow every inch of land, and finally have what I call, after 40 years' experience, largely in tree growing, a good common sense orchard and a good many red apples.

No man here now thinks of setting an orchard of apple trees thick, thinking some time in the future (if necessary) to thin them out, for the secret is they don't know how to thin them. Many have done this, but will not again.

O. S. ALLEN.

**MATERIAL VARIETIES OF GRAPES.**

G. W. Campbell, well-known grape-grower of Delaware, O., tells the *Rural New Yorker* something about the newer market varieties of grapes, not forgetting to mention some of the old and standard sorts. After a few words of praise for "the grape for the million," he says:

Perhaps next in popularity to the Concord is Moore's Early. As it is about the same in quality and general character as the Concord, and ripens two weeks earlier, it is better suited to northern localities. Worden appears to be next in favor, and ripens intermediate between the Concord and Moore's Early.

Harford Prolific and Champion at one time enjoyed considerable popularity as early-ripening varieties, notwithstanding their very poor quality; but they seem to have been nearly superseded by newer and better kinds, in which Moore's Early and Worden have been largely instrumental. Ives, or Ives' Seedling is largely planted in some sections, principally as a vineyard grape for red wines. The vine is quite as hardy and productive as the Concord, and the fruit less subject to rot. It colors some time before it is ripe, and is often sent to market for an early grape while it is really unfit for use. When fully mature, it is pleasantly flavored, but has a hard pulp, not easily separated from the seeds.

Among those of later introduction, Early Victor has proved hardy healthy and productive, of good quality and early ripening, but its small size, in the absence of any remarkable excellence, will probably prevent it from becoming very popular as a market grape. The Eaton is regarded with some favor on account of its large size and attractive appearance. It is larger, both in bunch and berry, than the Concord, but not appear to be any earlier or any better flavored. It has many characteristics of the Concord, with coarser, larger leaves and fruit, but the same tender, easily-broken skin, so that it requires much care in handling for shipment. There is a little doubt as to its being a very new variety, as another grape is extant which is practically identical, if not the same. The Nectar, originated by the late A. J. Caywood, seems, so far as tested, worthy at least of trial. The vine is a fairly good grower; foliage healthy; clusters and berries medium; quality very good. It ripens medium late, and colors some time before it is fully ripe. There are several of Rogers' Hybrids that have considerable popularity after many years of trial, and in some sections they are quite reliable. Wilder, or No. 4, Merriman, No. 19, with Barry, No. 43, and Herbert, No. 44, are among the best black ones. Lindley, Agawam, Massicot and Salem are the most popular red ones. A good black grape, with the general habit and character of the Concord, with a more tenacious skin, a little better flavor and better keeping qualities is needed, and would be recognized by all grape-growers as an acquisition of the first importance.

Among white grapes, Martha, a Concord seedling, is one of the older varieties and was once quite popular, and is still planted with success in many places; but it is apparently being superseded by later introductions. The Lady is larger, earlier, and of better quality, and has held its position as an early white grape, with an increasing demand, up to the present time. Its tender, easily-broken skin, requiring very careful handling, appears to be its greatest fault for a shipping variety; but for home use and near markets it is valuable, and no grape at the same time as early and as good, has yet taken its place. The Niagara, where the soil and situation are favorable, has proved a valuable market variety, and its fine size and showy appearance, with fairly good quality, will enable it to retain a deserved popularity wherever it can be successfully grown. It has not proved quite hardy, without protection, in our severe winters, and it is not free from attacks of rot and mildew than many others of our native varieties. Empire State has not proved as reliable for general culture as was expected on its introduction; and does not succeed over as large a territory as at first seemed probable. With me, it is a strong grower, with healthy foliage, and it bears abundantly, being in this respect less affected by unfavorable weather in spring than most kinds. It is, however,

a variety that is disposed to bear too heavily, and the fruit should be thinned, from one-third to one-half having to be taken out to produce the best results. For two years I have permitted it to bear its whole crop, causing it to be very late, and to ripen unevenly and imperfectly. Where the winter temperature is below zero, I think winter protection advisable both for the Empire State and Niagara. Pocklington seems increasing in favor, and I think will maintain its position as a good and profitable market grape. It is fully as large as Niagara, but a little later in ripening, and is regarded by most people as quite as good in quality. The vine shows a pure Labrusca of the Concord type and equal in health and hardiness to any of its class. It is disposed to overbear, and will be improved in every way by thinning the clusters upon the vine, and also the berries upon the clusters, when the finest specimens are wanted.

Among red grapes, the Delaware maintains its high position, and is grown with pleasure and profit in many places where the soil and climate are suited to its particular requirements. Small size and susceptibility to diseases of foliage are about its only faults. No variety that I have ever grown is so free from rot. It is sure to overbear if permitted, and I have found it to be an advantage to thin out from one-half to two-thirds of the clusters from Delaware vines, and have seen vineyards ruined by allowing them to carry their whole crop, which not only failed to ripen, but practically destroyed the future usefulness of the vines. The Brighton, under favorable conditions, is a fine and deservedly popular grape, and has in many places given good satisfaction, both in growth, productiveness and quality. Its partially imperfect blossom prevents its setting well if cold, rainy and unfavorable weather occurs at the blooming season; and few and imperfect clusters result. It is not a good long-keeper; but when it is fully matured and taken fresh from the vine, it leaves little to wish for in fine flavor and quality. Vergennes has many good qualities, and seems to be growing in favor. Its berries are large and handsome, and the clusters a full medium. The berries improve by hanging late upon the vine, and keep reasonably well after they are gathered. It is rather inclined to overbear; but in most localities will be found satisfactory.

The Woodruff Red has been quite largely planted for a new variety, and I think has been found generally satisfactory, especially as to growth, hardiness, health and productiveness. Upon old and fully developed vines the bunches and berries are very large, and with their handsome reddish color are very attractive in appearance. There seems a good deal of diversity of opinion as to its quality, some regarding it highly and others not. The former, however, appear to be largely in the majority, and I still think it the most promising red grape for profitable market yet introduced, taking its place beside the Concord, Niagara and Pocklington. The Moyer has the merit of earliness; its foliage resists mildew better than that of the Delaware. Its clusters and berries are quite small, and its blossoms imperfect, like those of the Brighton. In flavor it is sweet and pleasant; but I do not think many persons would regard it as nearly equal to a well-ripened Delaware. The Iona and Jefferson are both grapes of remarkable excellence where they can be grown successfully; but, unfortunately, such locations are few; and they require more care and attention to produce the best results than the average plant will give.

Mr. Munson's, Brilliant I regard, as the most promising, altho' considered, and so far not tested, of all the newer red grapes, having great vigor of growth, abundant productiveness, with ability to carry a full crop to maturity. It is a cross of the Lindley and Delaware; has large, moderately compact and handsome clusters, the largest upon a young vine in its second bearing measuring six inches in length. The berries are a full medium to large, in color a very light red maroon, or wine color, and in quality very good, nearly equal to the Delaware. It might be almost regarded as an overgrown Delaware, four times the size of the old variety, and with a stronger growth and larger and healthier foliage.

**The Apple Orchard.**  
With some farmers the apple crop is an instance of getting something for nothing. Other hands planted the trees and cared for them in their growth, and now the owner only has to gather his harvest, and yet he grumbles because he cannot do it every year and cannot get better prices for that which has cost him no labor. If the trees yield abundantly he says they need neither manuring or care, while if they fail to yield he declares they are not worth the taking any pains for their cultivation. Yet with proper care the apple crop may be as sure as almost any crop upon the farm. There may be seasons when the buds may be destroyed by the sudden changes of winter or the late frosts of the spring, but such seasons are about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, leaving only the best specimens, and these not nearer than four or five inches to each other. This is heroic treatment, for it means throwing away at least half of the fruit from well set spurs. The root that remains, however, grows to larger size, is of fine color and flavor; it will fill as many baskets as though all had been left, and brings a vastly better price in the market. Add to this the fact that the vitality of the tree is not drawn upon to nearly so great an extent, and any one may see where the profit comes in. Trees treated in this manner may be reasonably expected to produce fruit every year, and the best profit will come in what others are the "off seasons." It is not the production of fruit, but the production of great amounts of seeds or pits, which have the reproductive power and which contain the germ of life, that saps the vitality of the tree. Bring this under reasonable control, and there will be no "off year" for a healthy, mature, well cultivated tree of any sort.

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**A German Method of Marketing Fruit.**  
A method of marketing fruit which originated in Schleswig, but which has extended to many other parts of Germany, has proved successful in securing buyers against a bad article and in giving an opportunity for good growers to make sales of a good article. Samples of various fruits are placed in dishes with the number of the plate. The order is then forwarded from the office to the grower, who in turn delivers his goods there. Here the fruit is inspected, and if it comes up to the sample in quality it is forwarded to the buyer. If it proves inferior it is returned to the grower who, if he on three occasions furnishes goods inferior to the samples, is excluded from the market. The office receives 10 per cent commission for inspecting, forwarding, etc.

**Horticultural Items.**

SIXTY tons of peach pits have been sent from California to the east for propagating purposes. A Southern nursery has the check to sell them at \$8 per bushel.

SHIPMENTS of apples from the United States foreign ports for the second week of October aggregated 4,214 barrels. And this in spite of the assertion that we have "no apples."

For large old trees, horse manure or a fertilizer rich in ammonia may be used, but for young trees, and for those who have been stunted by poor soil and general neglect it is better to use something slower in its action. The manure from the cow stable is very good, or that from the pig pens, if plenty of loam has been used there, or a mixture of ground bone and potash, which is, perhaps, better than any other fertilizer for fruit trees.

A man who has been long on short rations needs to be fed moderately for a while, but not every one knows or thinks that the same thing is true of fruit trees, yet it is a similar case, and it often happens that a farmer, coming into possession of an orchard that has long been neglected and half starved, literally kills it with kindness. Pruning, scraping and liberal manuring starts a new growth of wood, which is so rank, and consequently tender, that the winter, if severe, destroys more than half of it, and then the tree, exhausted by its efforts to make new wood, and injured by the death of the winter-killed limbs, fails to make fruit buds, and is but little better, and perhaps worse, than it was before the attempt was made to renovate it.

Therefore, manure the orchards this month, and prune them moderately if they need it, but use some judgment about it, and do not think that because a little pruning and fertilizing is good that a good deal must be better. Examine the trunks near the ground for borers, and wherever there are

when the Concord was introduced; but many new and better varieties have replaced this early pioneer. With all honor to the Concord for the work it has done, those who desire a grape of like flavor and character, but several days earlier and better will find it in the Worden. Many of the Rogers hybrids are early and possess to most tastes a better than Concord flavor. They are rampant growers and need abundant room to succeed well. The Delaware grape, introduced about thirty years ago, is to this fruit what the Seckel is to pears, small but of the standard of excellence in flavor. It is early enough to always ripen if prevented from overbearing, to which it is especially liable. There should be some white grapes in every collection, not alone for variety but because the Niagara and one or two others rank among the best.

Some of the best of these grapes are excellent keepers, and with the care that ought to be given to any perishable fruit may be preserved in good eating condition until midwinter or later. Varieties with thick skins and a sub-acid flavor are the best winter grapes, the very sweet grapes losing flavor and becoming tasteless or insipid after they pass their best. These acid grapes may, however, have a larger proportion of sweet in them, as is shown by their excellent adaptability to dessert.

The surplus grapes grown by farmers, if the best varieties and well ripened, always bring good prices. Where the markets are sometimes glutted it is with half-ripened Catawba or Isabellas, though even these at three or four cents per pound pay better than the average of farm crops. We are glad to know that grape growing among farmers has received a new impulse within a few years. We believe there is a good chance for farmers everywhere to engage in grape growing on a moderate scale with certainty of profit. Enough at least should be grown by every farmer for family use. Nothing will more than this tend to make farm life attractive, not only for the young but for city residents, who now look upon the farmer's work as a dreary round of poorly paid toll with little to relieve its cheerless features. Beside the money returns from sales of surplus grapes, their culture with that of other choice fruits will make precisely the kind of diversification in farming that is now needed to make this business profitable. We speak especially of grape growing, because this year this fruit has been more generally profitable than any other. If our readers will send to any reliable nurseryman for catalogue of fruits, they will be surprised how cheaply the best and newest varieties may be purchased. A few cents wisely expended now will buy one of the choicer vines. If duly cared for it will begin in two or three years, at earliest, to furnish fruit which will continue to increase in abundance and value long after the present generation of men and women have passed away.—*American Cultivator*.

**Thinning Fruit.**

A noted peach grower says that he is well satisfied that every dollar invested in the labor of thinning fruit has repaid him five fold. He finds that the fruit is about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, leaving only the best specimens, and these not nearer than four or five inches to each other. This is heroic treatment, for it means throwing away at least half of the fruit from well set spurs. The root that remains, however, grows to larger size, is of fine color and flavor; it will fill as many baskets as though all had been left, and brings a vastly better price in the market. Add to this the fact that the vitality of the tree is not drawn upon to nearly so great an extent, and any one may see where the profit comes in. Trees treated in this manner may be reasonably expected to produce fruit every year, and the best profit will come in what others are the "off seasons." It is not the production of fruit, but the production of great amounts of seeds or pits, which have the reproductive power and which contain the germ of life, that saps the vitality of the tree. Bring this under reasonable control, and there will be no "off year" for a healthy, mature, well cultivated tree of any sort.

**Aprianian.**

D. A. JONES, of Beeton, Ont., thinks out apriaries may located three miles from the home apriary, without interfering with it at all, or causing a loss.

**An Illinois apriarist uses white clover honey instead of sugar in putting up fruit, making crab-apple butter, preserves, etc., and says it is as good or better than the Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier which gives physical liberty.**

**High-Arm Singer.**

The Finest and Best Made Machine of the Singer Pattern in the market.

petent authorities, there will be shipped not less than 1,100 carloads of the most perfect grapes. It is thought that the crop will bring about four cents per pound net. On the basis of 18,000 pounds per car, say \$600,000 will be received in the region for this season's grape crop. Land in this locality is worth \$600 to \$100 per acre. S. S. Crissey gathered six tons of Concords from an acre.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Garden* mentions the opening of private gardens near that city to the public, and that much to the surprise of the owners, not a plant was broken nor a blossom plucked. An exchange comments on this, and says that it would be difficult to find a crowd of hundreds of persons who would avoid touching flowers and fruit within easy reach, on either side of the water. But at Belle Isle, Detroit's city park, which during the hot weather is visited by thousands daily, the beautiful beds of plants, radiant with bloom, are never molested, though all sorts and conditions of men, women, children and hoodlums make up the rowdies.

We are all free American citizens, enjoying our personal liberty; but most of us are in personal slavery, suffering from scrofula, salt rheum or some other form of impure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier which gives physical liberty.

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**The Seginavian stands sponsor for this item: John Schneider, a farmer living near Melvor, Ioseo County, raised 12,000 pounds of honey this year from 300 swarms of bees. He sold 5,000 pounds in one shipment to Ohio, received 12 cents per pound and freight paid."**

**Thinning Fruit.**

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**Aprianian.**

The aggregate value of the honey and wax product of the United States is larger than most people know. It almost equals the value of the rice and hop crops, exceeds the value of cane molasses and maple sugar and syrup. In 1881, the cash value of the honey crop was \$80,000,000.

**The Canadian Bee Journal** warns honey producers that there is nothing that will distract in the mind of a customer so quickly as to offer him a jar or tin of honey half granulated and half liquid. It looks bad, and to our notion tastes worse. It has a sort of sugary taste, that to the amateur in honey eating gives the thing right away. We have found that more people ground their charges of adulteration upon this fact than upon all others combined. The *Bee Journal* advises the use of labels on the cans or jars, stating the facts relating to granulation for the information of customers.

**The Simpson honey plant is a large coarse growing plant with innumerable little flowers, which are a dark purple on the outer part and lighter as you approach the ball. The ball has an opening at the end of the leaf; this hollow is filled with honey, and so rapidly is it deposited that in two minutes after being taken out it is again filled with a shining drop of nectar. This process can be kept up all day. So freely does the plant yield honey that a branch removed and given a sharp shake, will cause the honey to fall in drops. Bees work upon it from morning till night. It blooms from July 15th until frost.**

**Are the Best.**

"Ayer's Pills have been used in my family for over thirty years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and all bilious troubles, and seldom call a physician. They are almost the only pill used in our neighborhood." — Redmon C. Price, Rock Landing F. O., W. Feliciana Parish, La.

"I have been in this country eight years, and during all this time, neither I nor any member of my family have used any other kind of medicine than Ayer's Pills, but these we always keep at hand, and I should not know how to get along without them." — A. W. Soderberg, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills as a Family Medicine

Excel all others as a family medicine. They are suited for all constitutions, old and young, and, being sugar-coated, are agreeable to take. Purely vegetable, they leave no ill

Nov. 1, 1890.

NOV.

## MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

## GIBBONS BROTHERS,

—successors to—

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DETROIT, SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1890.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post Office as second class matter.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 117,977 bu., against 164,018 bu. the previous week, and 147,400 bu. for corresponding week in 1889. Shipments for the week were 45,918 bu., against 53,000 bu. the previous week, and 94,281 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 426,482 bu., against 362,297 bu. last week, and 325,465 bu. at the corresponding date in 1889. The visible supply of this grain on Oct. 25th was 175,025 bu., against 186,007,346 bu. the previous week, and 24,507,518 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 1,107,779 bushels. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows a decrease of 4,702,493 bu.

Wheat has been rather quiet for the past week, and the changes in values have been within narrow limits. While there is no loss of strength in the market, the lessened speculative demand has weakened holders, and they felt inclined to favor purchasers all the week until yesterday, when cash wheat became very firm with a slight advance from the prices of the previous day. Chicago also showed some improvement, as did St. Louis and New York. Trading has been light on the Detroit Board all week, and politics rather than business, seemed to be the leading feature. The Board will adjourn over Tuesday so as to allow members to elect the entire Democratic and Republican tickets.

The following table exhibits the daily closing sales of spot wheat in this market from Oct. 10th to Oct. 31st inclusive:

No. 1 White	No. 2 White	No. 3 Red.	No. 4 Red.
Oct. 10..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
11..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
12..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
13..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
14..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
15..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
16..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
17..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
18..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
19..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
20..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
21..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
22..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
23..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
24..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
25..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
26..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
27..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
28..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
29..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
30..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%
31..... 1 00%	1 00%	1 00%	1 00%

No. 2 white sold at 94c, No. 3 white at 84c.

The following is a record of the closing prices on the various deals in futures each day during the past week:

Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	May.
Saturday..... 1 02%	1 02%	1 02%	1 02%
Monday..... 1 01%	1 01%	1 01%	1 01%
Tuesday..... 1 01%	1 01%	1 01%	1 01%
Wednesday..... 1 02%	1 02%	1 02%	1 02%
Thursday..... 1 01%	1 03%	1 02%	1 02%
Friday..... 1 03%	1 04%	1 04%	1 04%

While the wheat exports from the United States from July 1 to Oct. 23 were 30,756,000 bu. against 33,041,000 bu. for the same time last year, they were 39,194,000 bu. in 1888 and 56,800,000 bu. in 1887.

Wheat exports from Hungary for September were 4,145,000 bu. against 1,322,000 bu. for the same time last year.

The Liverpool *Corn Trade News* publishes a letter from Henry Clews, New York, of which the following is an extract: "The shortage in our crops this year makes us independent of Europe, and prices are going to be made on this side on our crops and not on ours." Correct, Henry. That's the situation this season.

Imports of wheat and flour into the United Kingdom for September were equal to 17,336,000 bu. against 14,291,000 bu. for the same month a year ago.

A Russian correspondent of the Liverpool *Corn Trade News* says: "Under the influence of the present high rate of the rouble, our export trade is suffering under complete stagnation. Notwithstanding the fine weather there is by very little threshing done, and but few sales are made, holders anticipating better prices. The railway warehouses which usually at this time of the year are well stocked, are now almost empty. There is now not the least doubt that the wheat crops in the Kieff and Poltovian governments are badly under the average, and from every hand we hear of bankruptcy of farmers, who having to pay enormous rents, could not stand against the failure of two crops in succession."

The following table shows the quantity of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage to Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

Bushels.	17,795,052
On passage for Great Britain.....	16,386,000
On passage for Continent of Europe.....	6,366,000
Total bushels Oct. 11, 1890.....	40,067,052
For two weeks ago.....	40,773,828
Total Oct. 12, 1889.....	34,305,919

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending Oct. 18 were 455,560 bu. more than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending Oct. 4 the receipts are estimated to have been 6,557,744 bu. more than the consumption. The receipts show an increase for those eight weeks of 2,093,812 bu. as compared with the corresponding eight weeks in 1889.

Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending Oct. 18, 1890, as per special cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 200,000 bu., of which 120,000 bu. were for the United Kingdom and 50,000 bu. for the Continent. The shipments for the previous week, as cabled, amounted to 230,000 bu., of which 160,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 120,000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments from that country for April 1, the beginning of the crop year, to Oct. 18, aggregate 14,380,000 bu., of which 10,500,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 3,880,000 bu. to the Continent. For the corresponding period in 1889 the shipments were 14,560,000 bu. The wheat on passage from India Oct. 7 was estimated at 1,392,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 1,624,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Friday was quoted firm, with fair demand. Quotations for American wheat were as follows: No. 2 red winter, 7s. 5d. per cental. No. 2 spring, 7s. 7½d.; California Club, 7s. 7d. per cental. These prices are the same as those ruling a week ago except on winter wheat, which is 3d. higher.

## CORN AND OATS.

## CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 13,535 bu. against 10,351 bu. the previous week, and 15,595 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. Shipments for the week were 7,243 bu. against 8,328 bu. the previous week, and 499 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. The visible supply of corn in the country on Oct. 25th amounted to 7,206,443 bu., against 8,259,569 bu. the previous week, and 9,084,070 bu. at the same date in 1889. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week indicated of 1,053,066 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 6,829 bu. against 6,592 bu. last week, and 6,822 bu. at the corresponding date in 1889. Corn has moved upwards during the week, and is now fully a cent higher than last week. Yesterday No. 2 sold at 55½c, No. 3 at 54½c, No. 2 yellow at 57c, and No. 3 yellow at 56c per bu. In futures, No. 2 for December sold at 58½c, for January at 58½c, and May at 56c. At Chicago the market yesterday was steady, with May futures 3c higher than the previous day.

The exports of cheese from New York since May 1 (the beginning of the trade year) compare as follows:

Export.	lbs.
For week ending Oct. 27.....	1,791,373
Sept. 21.....	945,926
Same week 1889.....	58,882,979
Since May 1, 1890.....	50,445,725

At Utica, on Monday, the market was more active, with prices unchanged. Amount sold figure up 11,811 boxes, against 11,024 boxes the previous week, and 12,654 for the corresponding date last year. The range of prices was from 8%@9½c, with 8½c@9½c the ruling figures.

At Little Falls, prices ranged from 8½c@9½c on factory, and 8½c@9½c on dairy.

About 4,750 packages were disposed of.

At Montreal the market is steady at a range of 9½c@9½c, with fine makes commanding 10c.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted quiet with light demand. Quotations were as follows: Spot, 4s. 7½d.; October, 4s. 7d.; November, 4s. 7½d.; December, 4s. 8d. There has been an advance in both spot and futures of ½c@1c. per cental, or ½c@1c during the week.

The receipts of corn at this point for the week were 46,887 bu., against 33,668 bu. the previous week, and 62,112 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 35,575 bu. against 36,561 bu. the previous week and 14,189 bu. the same week in 1889. The visible supply of this grain on October 25th was 4,123,289 bu., against 4,333,013 bu. the previous week, and 4,012,204 boxes the previous week, and 12,654 for the corresponding date last year. The range of prices was from 8%@9½c, with 8½c@9½c the ruling figures.

At Little Falls, prices ranged from 8½c@9½c on factory, and 8½c@9½c on dairy. About 4,750 packages were disposed of. At Montreal the market is steady at a range of 9½c@9½c, with fine makes commanding 10c.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted firm, with fair demand; quotation for the week were as follows: No. 2 white, 48@49½c; No. 3 white, 46½@47½c; No. 2 yellow, 50@51½c; No. 3 yellow, 49½@50½c. Futures sold as follows for No. 2 mixed: October, 4s. 7d.; December, 4s. 8d.; May, 4s. 9d. At New York yesterday, oats were quiet, but firm, with May futures slightly higher. There has been an advance on all futures, as well as some grades of spot. Quotations as follows: No. 2 white, 48@49½c; No. 3 white, 46½@47½c; No. 2 yellow, 50@51½c; No. 3 yellow, 49½@50½c. Futures sold as follows for No. 2 mixed: October, 4s. 7d.; December, 4s. 8d.; May, 4s. 9d. At New York yesterday, oats were quiet, but firm, with May futures slightly higher. There has been an advance on all futures, as well as some grades of spot. Quotations as follows: No. 2 white, 48@49½c; No. 3 white, 46½@47½c; No. 2 yellow, 50@51½c; No. 3 yellow, 49½@50½c. Futures sold as follows for No. 2 mixed: October, 4s. 7d.; December, 4s. 8d.; May, 4s. 9d. At New York yesterday, oats were quiet, but firm, with May futures slightly higher. There has been an advance on all futures, as well as some grades of spot. Quotations as follows: No. 2 white, 48@49½c; No. 3 white, 46½@47½c; No. 2 yellow, 50@51½c; No. 3 yellow, 49½@50½c. Futures sold as follows for No. 2 mixed: October, 4s. 7d.; December, 4s. 8d.; May, 4s. 9d. At New York yesterday, oats were quiet, but firm, with May futures slightly higher. There has been an advance on all futures, as well as some grades of spot. Quotations as follows: No. 2 white, 48@49½c; No. 3 white, 46½@47½c; No. 2 yellow, 50@51½c; No. 3 yellow, 49½@50½c. Futures sold as follows for No. 2 mixed: October, 4s. 7d.; December, 4s. 8d.; May, 4s. 9d. At New York yesterday, oats were quiet, but firm, with May futures slightly higher. There has been an advance on all futures, as well as some grades of spot. Quotations as follows: No. 2 white, 48@49½c; No. 3 white, 46½@47½c; No. 2 yellow, 50@51½c; No. 3 yellow, 49½@50½c. Futures sold as follows for No. 2 mixed: October, 4s. 7d.; December, 4s. 8d.; May, 4s. 9d. At New York yesterday, oats were quiet, but firm, with May futures slightly higher. There has been an advance on all futures, as well as some grades of spot. Quotations as follows: No. 2 white, 48@49½c; No. 3 white, 46½@47½c; No. 2 yellow, 50@51½c; No. 3 yellow, 49½@50½c. Futures sold as follows for No. 2 mixed: October, 4s. 7d.; December, 4s. 8d.; May, 4s. 9d. At New York yesterday, oats were quiet, but firm, with May futures slightly higher. There has been an advance on all futures, as well as some grades of spot. Quotations as follows: No. 2 white, 48@49½c; No. 3 white, 46½@47½c; No. 2 yellow, 50@51½c; No. 3 yellow, 49½@50½c. Futures sold as follows for No. 2 mixed: October, 4s. 7d.; December, 4s. 8d.; May, 4s. 9d. At New York yesterday, oats were quiet, but firm, with May futures slightly higher. There has been an advance on all futures, as well as some grades of spot. Quotations as follows: No. 2 white, 48@49½c; No. 3 white, 46½@47½c; No. 2 yellow, 50@51½c; No. 3 yellow, 49½@50½c. Futures sold as follows for No. 2 mixed: October, 4s. 7d.; December, 4s. 8d.; May, 4s. 9d. At New York yesterday, oats were quiet, but firm, with May futures slightly higher. There has been an advance on all futures, as well as some grades of spot.

The Mexican government has placed an import duty of \$300 per car on cattle in retaliation for the McKinley bill. The report has since been denied, however.

Reports from Missouri and Kansas say the gessian fly is damaging early sown winter wheat, and that sown in September is ruined and the fields will have to be plowed up.

The steamer Alexander Steele, built 12 years ago, plying on the Monongahela river, broke in two near Glenwood, Pa., and sank in a few minutes. All escaped. Too heavy a load.

Birchall, under sentence of death in the Woodstock, Ont., jail, for the murder of Benwell, spends his leisure—which is ample—pitching copperas and playing leap-frog with his guard.

The Methodist church of Washington, D. C., voted on a question whether women delegates shall be admitted to the general conference of the church, and the vote was against their admission.

Gadsden, Ala., suffered the most disastrous fire known in its history on Sunday last, involving a loss of \$850,000, with \$300,000 insurance. The cotton warehouses and 5,630 bales of cotton were cremated.

The five largest fish dealing firms in the country have combined and formed a trust, with a capital of \$100,000. They will have control of the wholesale fish business along the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario.

The largest auction sale of silk dress goods ever made in the country will be held at New York on Nov. 10. The Phoenix Manufacturing Company made and offered the goods, consisting of 3,678 pieces of silk dress.

President Adams, of the Union Pacific railroad, says the only thing that road is suffering from is a plethora of riches. He also states that 170 locomotives and 3,600 freight cars are to be added to the rolling stock.

Secretary Rush thinks the beet sugar industry is beyond the experimental stage. Wisconsin is the one of the best states for a large-scale production of cane sugar, even better than Nebraska. He says it will be a great business in time.

A big tobacco combine has been formed at Louisville, which includes all the leading warehousemen in that city and in Cincinnati. The capital stock is four million dollars, and the corporation controls nine-tenths of the leaf tobacco in Kentucky and Ohio.

Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, has issued a pastoral notice with a view to stamping out the great evils of the liquor traffic. He strongly condemns the whiskey smuggling business, and will deprive those who persist in it of the benefits of the church.

The Philadelphia Natural Gas Company has increased the price of gas fifty per cent, the result of cutting off the supply over 500 puddling furnaces. The company furnished gas to 800 houses in the city, and it is believed fully a third of the customers will go back to the use of coal.

The Farmers' Alliance of Illinois wants a uniform system of school text-books to be adopted and furnished by the State at cost; the governmental ownership of railroads and telegraph systems legal interest four per cent and contract six per cent; the Australian system of state and direct election.

The Kanawha salt deposit is said to be 300 miles long, 25 miles wide and 400 feet thick. The number of bushels in the deposit is estimated, approximately, at 6,000,000,000,000, enough to give every man, woman and child, besides every horse, mule, cow, sheep, hog, mackerel, etc., in the United States, a pack each year for about 120,000 years.

Thomas Woolfolk, who in August, 1887, murdered his father, mother, six brothers and sisters, and an aged relative of his parents, was executed at Perry, Ga., on the 25th. He was twice tried and twice convicted, but was freed through a technicality in his imprisonment, though appearing perfectly unmoved by the death of his relatives.

A monument to the heroes of the Jeannette expedition was unveiled at Annapolis, Md., on the 30th ult. The design of the monument follows that of the one erected on the Lena delta, where so many of the men died. The base is of irregular pieces of granite, strongly cemented together; above this white marble surmounted by a cross 12 feet high.

Central Illinois broom-corn growers are planning to erect large warehouses built on the combination and assessment plan, in Arcola and Mattoon, for the storage of a portion of the annual crop. There is no longer any temptation to grow corn for brush, as it is therefore easier for buyers to bear prices. This year the opening figures for brush approximated \$100 per ton, but were speedily forced down to \$50.

Sarah C. Sadler, of Stoddart Co., Mo., is under arrest as a bogus peddler. She was the widow of George W. Dimmire, who became Mrs. Sadler, applied for a pension as Dimmire's widow, and as Mrs. Poplin swore that she was personally acquainted with Mrs. Dimmire. She diagnosed her husband as suffering from consumption, and received a sum of money and a payment of \$2,700 as arrears. But the U. S. authorities took wind of the fraud somehow, and she will have to stand trial.

Tobacco growers and cigar manufacturers of Cuba have forwarded a petition to the Spanish government urging the negotiation of a free trade agreement between Cuba and the United States. The United States buys \$51,000,000 worth of tobacco and sugar annually from Cuba, and only sells to that country from \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000 worth of cigars and tobacco. The Cuban market is equivalent to closing the United States market to them, and they lose the trade of a country that consumes \$50,000,000 worth of manufactured cigars and \$500,000 worth of baled tobacco; a loss which will diminish the raising of tobacco, close the factories and send thousands of men out of work.

*Foreign.*

Senor Miguel Suarez, now Spanish consul-general at New York, has been appointed minister from Spain to this country.

British gunboats have entered Portuguese possessions in Mozambique, and letters of recall have been sent to Senor Freitas, the Portuguese minister to England.

The celebration of the 200th birthday of Count von Steuben, German Field Marshal, was held at Berlin on the 25th ult. Very handsome presents were made the veteran soldier and officer, and kings and queens participated in the banquet given in his honor.

Another mutiny of Siberian convicts recently occurred on a steamboat on the River Lena. With the assistance of the inhabitants of Irkutsk, the rebels captured the fort and took the guards, and set the vessel adrift. The governor of the province sent troops in pursuit, who killed two and captured five of the fugitives.

#### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

#### SHORTHORNS WANTED.

I would like to buy a few females of plain breeding, but good useful cattle. Could not be more pleased if it is right. Also a few choice yearlings ready to turn out. Send me detailed information for cattle or Merino sheep.

E. H. GOODRICH,  
Flint, Mich.

#### IMPROVED CHESTER-WHITES.

Can spare a few spring pigs of either sex at farmers' prices. Breeders all recorded in Todd's Record.

W. O. WILSON, Okemos, Mich.

#### RAISIN VALLEY STOCK FARM,

#### FOR SALE,

#### HOLSTEINS!

OF THE FINEST BREEDING,

representatives of the choicest families.

Pieterse 2d, Holland King, Prince of Twiss, Lord's Jumbo Boy, and the Netherlands and Jan families.

My cows are all breed to Bovine Netherlands Pieterse, and Koningen Van Pieterse.

ALSO, REGISTERED COTSWOLD SHEEP.

Stock for sale.

E. M. LEWIS,  
Raisinville, Mich.

# GREAT PUBLIC SALE OF SHORTHORN & HEREFORD CATTLE.

A selection of forty head of well bred Shorthorns, from the well known

## HADDINGTON HERD, Of N. J. STEELE, of Ionia,

will be offered at public sale, on the farm, one mile north of the town of Ionia, on

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 12th, 1890,

At 1 o'clock, p.m., sharp.

The offerings will consist of individuals of both sexes from such families as the Wild Eyes, Barrington, Moss Rose, Rose of Sharon, Mazurka, Oxford Vanquish, Georgiana, Lady Durham, Young Phyllis, Harriet, Van Meter, Young Mary, Violet, Cinderella and Strawberry.

## ALSO TEN HEAD OF HEREFORDS, All Females, of Excellent Breeding and Individual Merit.

These animals will be offered without reserve, and it bid on will be sold.

TERMS: Two per cent off for cash; or one year's credit given on approved notes, bearing seven per cent.

Sale will begin promptly at 1 o'clock. The farm is one mile north of Ionia, and conveyances will be at the trains day of sale to convey passengers to the grounds. Ample accommodations will be provided under shelter, so there will be no postponement on account of weather.

Catalogues will be ready about October 15th, and sent free on application. Address

JOHN L. STEELE, Ionia, Mich.

COL. J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

## EUREKA PLACE! The Home of the Shropshires.

J. S. & W. G. CROSBY,  
PROPRIETORS,  
Greenville, Mich.

A Large Importation Arrived in July and our Mr. Crosby now after another.

## The Largest and Best Flock of Shropshires in America.

Write for Prices and Catalogue.

## Springdale Farm, Lansing, Mich. JAMES M. TURNER, Proprietor.

Shorthorn and Hereford Cattle,  
CLYDESDALE AND STANDARD BREED TROTTING HORSES,  
Shetland Ponies and Shropshire Sheep.

## SPECIAL SALE OF 300 SHROPSHIRE! FOR THE NEXT 90 DAYS, Imported and Home-bred. 150 RAMS READY FOR SERVICE.

Imported Royal Minx at head of herd, have been crossed and have broad sows of fine pedigree. Some fine sets of pigs from which orders can be filled. Correspondence will receive prompt attention.

WE, Todd Improved Chester, have been crowned King of the Show Ring.

On the farm we may be seen a very fine flock of sheep, including a fine pedigree.

W. D. BRANDS, Proprietor,  
KERYB, MICH.

A lot of young boars, ready for service, farrowed this spring, which are extra fine ones. Also a few choice young sows.

A. A. WOOD,  
SALINE, MICH.

BERKSHIRES.

A few young boars fit for service, and a few sows for sale, cheap, if applied for soon. Quality and breed of best. Breeding stock recorded.

N. A. CLAPP,  
WIXON, MICH.

HICKORY GROVE POLAND-CHINAS!

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N. A. CLAPP,  
WIXON, MICH.

## Poetry.

## TO HIM WHO WAITS.

To him who waits amidst the world's applause  
His share of justice, toiling day by day,  
All things will come now dim and far away  
To him who waits.

To him who waits beyond the darkness drear  
The morning cometh with resolute light;  
Bringing assurances of a day more bright:  
To him who waits.

To him who waits, though tears may often fall,  
And knees be bowed in sorrow and in prayer,  
All grief will end, and everything be fair  
To him who waits.

To him who waits and reaches out his hands  
To aid a toller up life's heaving crags,  
Sureas will come from every ill that flags,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits, and struggles not in vain  
To overcome the evils that abound  
Within his breast, sweet will the victory sound  
To him who waits.

To him who waits, there comes a wily throng.  
Who swear and scoff, and look with baleful eyes,  
But what of them? They are but gnats and flies  
To him who waits.

To him who waits, there must be recompence  
For useful work, whatever may betide,  
A compensation reaching far and wide,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits the stars are always friends,  
The restless ocean, and the azure sky,  
All things in nature speak and prophecy;  
To him who waits.

To him who waits true love will some day come,  
And lay an offering at his blameless shrine,  
Life will be love, and love will be divine,  
To him who waits.

—Moses G. Shurtleff.

## THE BOY'S GRANDMOTHER.

A stitch is always dropping in the everlasting knitting;

And the needles that I've threaded, no you couldn't count to day;

And I've hunted for my glasses till I thought my head was splitting

When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse the psalms and the epistles,

When the other boys were burning tar barrels down the street;

And I've staid and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles,

And I've staid and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

But there always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket;

There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep;

And she lets the candle in my room burn to the very socket

While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.

And when I've been in swimming after father's said I shouldn't.

And mother has her slipper off according to the rule;

It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says I wouldn't;

The boy that won't go swimming such a day would be a fool."

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing.

And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse;

And who she is by this time there is no need of guessing.

For there nothing like a grandmother to have about the house!

## Miscellaneous.

## DELIA'S WEDDING.

It was in England, but from where we stood we could see Scottish land. I knew I hedge that, just for so long as it lasted, divided the two countries.

It was a pretty place, and our great brick house, built in Queen Elizabeth's time, was something we were very proud of; and we, heartily, strong young people, were out of doors almost as much in the November weather as we were in June. I remember I had said to Delia that I thought that it was all nonsense to talk about autumn being a melancholy time, when she turned to me suddenly, and put her arms about my neck, and whispered:

"Promise me something, Phebe; promise, without knowing what it is."

Delia was not one of us. She was only my dear! It's friend. She lived across the river with her grandfather, whom people called a miser, and had come to spend the morning with us. She was a fair little thing, like a snow-drop, and to-day she was all wrapped up in a fleecy white woolen shawl. Everything became her, and it was her way to be sentimental, so that I was not surprised when she put her arm about my waist and dropped her head upon my shoulder, and said:

"Promise me something, Phebe; promise, whatever it is."

"I don't need to promise, Delia," said I.

"Oh, yes, you do, this time," said she. "I know you'll never forget a promise, and I'm afraid to ask you to do this unless you give it to me; and if you don't, Delia—if you don't—what shall I do?"

"Surely it's nothing wrong?" said I.

"No," said she; "not wrong, but you may be afraid to do it. Would you cross Mayzey Common, and pass the haunted house by the edge of the wood at midnight, for my sake, Phebe?"

"Indeed, I should not be afraid to do it," said I. "I've never been a coward yet."

"Would you go into the haunted house itself?" said she.

"If I felt sure there was nothing to be dreaded but the ghost," said I. "Little Jack Beck, in a sheet, with a lantern on his head, may scare silly folks out of their sense; but I think it's time that Christians, who hear Christian preaching every Sabbath, should have learned better to believe such things. As for mysterious lights, a tipsy tramp with his pipe burning could give them all they wanted in that line." I drew myself up as I spoke, and looked over Delia's head toward the yellow chimney that peeped over the tops of the dead apple-trees in the garden of the haunted house.

"The house is old and damp and lonely and infested by rats," said I, "but haunted!"

"There was a murder done there once," said Delia, shivering and hiding her face more closely. "They say the red stain of

blood is on the floor still, and if there are spirits, why should they not be seen sometimes? But Phebe, dear, tell me, would you do that for me?"

"There was need," said I.

"There's need," she answered.

"Well, then I promise," said I. "Indeed, I think I'd rather like it, whether the ghost came or not."

"Don't say that, Phebe," whispered Delia. "Now, you've promised—remember—you've promised, and it is All-Halloween. All-Soul's-Eve they call it sometimes in some places—the very night for specters—and at midnight, Phebe, and no one must know. You'll slip out alone and come as I have, and a light will burn in the window. It will not be a goblin light this time, and you will go in. Now promise again."

"I promise," said I, "and I suppose you are going to try a charm—a Hallow-Eve charm—to find out the name of your future husband. You'll go about the chimney and sing:

"Hemp-seed I sow!  
Hemp-seed I sow!  
He who is my love to  
Come after me and now,  
and it will be fun to hear you scream,  
if you do fancy that you see anything over  
your left shoulder—of all people. Do  
you remember Burns?"

"Wee Jessie to her granma said:—  
'Will you go wi' me, granma?  
I'll eat an apple at the glass J  
I'll go frae Uncle Johnnie.'

And how is it the old dame's lecture ends?

"Many an ane has gotten a fright,  
And lived and died deere on sic a night."  
"Och, hush, Phebe!" whispered Delia.

"It's about a husband; but it's not—yes, it is a trick, too. Phebe, at twelve o'clock, on All-Hallow-Eve, I'm to be married, and I want you to be my bridesmaid."

"Married?" said I. "But, then, it's all a joke about the haunted house!"

"No," said she. "Phebe, it will be a runaway match, and you know the haunted house is over the borders. We're in England here, but these chimneys are in Scotland; and in Scotland any one may marry two people, and it is quite legal; only I need a witness. You'll be my witness, Phebe; and then Jack and I will be man and wife, and no one can part us."

"Yes, I knew it must be Jack," said I. "And so the grandfather is as hard-hearted as ever. But you've thought it over. It seems terrible, Delia. I wouldn't leave home and my own people for any man, like that, deceiving them all."

"But you're a mother, Phebe, and a father, and brothers and sisters; and I have only

grandfather, who has never loved me much.

And do you think it would be right, for the sake of his money, to part from Jack, who loves me? Oh, you can't, Phebe. And you'll come and be my bridesmaid and my maid in both my feet."

But there always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket;

There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep;

And she lets the candle in my room burn to the very socket

While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.

And when I've been in swimming after father's said I shouldn't.

And mother has her slipper off according to the rule;

It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says I wouldn't;

The boy that won't go swimming such a day would be a fool."

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing.

And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse;

And who she is by this time there is no need of guessing.

For there nothing like a grandmother to have about the house!

## ALBERT EDWARD.

What is the use of talking? I was afraid, though I couldn't have told you of what; and I make no doubt I was as white as any ghost, when I came, at last, to the door of the old house over the border, that the neighbors called "haunted."

There was a light inside; a low, red light, that would have kept every being in the place away; for the story was that Satan himself lighted a fire there on the anniversary of the murder, and this was the day, this Halloween.

For a moment, I hesitated, then I said to myself: "Surely, Phebe, you know why the light is there to-night?" and I pushed the door, and it yielded; and I saw that the light came from a low fire on the hearth, and that near it sat a man all in black, with what looked like a bit of crape over his face.

"Well, Bella goes out a great deal by herself, and has her school friends," said the mother, who stood in some awe of her younger daughter, who had a little fortune of her own and a "temper" of some magnitude.

"I am not ashamed of our first meeting," said Bella, arranging her curls at the glass between the windows. "When people are intended for each other they know it at first sight. I was taking soda-water at spicy's counter, and he saw me through the window; I dropped my handkerchief; he picked it up and handed it to me. Our eyes met, and voila tout!"

"What is voila too, Bella?" asked Uncle Philiander.

"It's French for 'that's all there is to it,'" said Bella. "After having received such an education as I have I can't help using a little French now and then."

"My education was very plain," said Sara.

"As plain as I am myself. I really have learned enough to pick up my beans in the street. I don't believe you can ever swear you ever had any regular introduction to your wonderful Mr. Barrington."

"I scorn the insinuation," said Bella, haughtily, but blushing nevertheless. "Anyhow, we are engaged, and you can't deny that. He is elegant and aristocratic and handsome, and the way he dresses shows that he is rich—"

"It doesn't always," interpolated Uncle Philiander.

"And I hope," continued the young lady from boarding-school, "is sincerely hope that you will put the best foot foremost and not be just as common as you can when he calls, and talk about uncle's little shop and all that."

"What line of life may be in himself?" said Uncle Philiander, seriously.

"He's a broker," said Bella.

"Did we mention where—he ah—brokes?" asked Uncle Philiander.

"Of course it is in Wall street—they all do," said Bella. "Brokes, gracious heavens!"

"Isabella Bobbs," said her mother, "your grandma's sending you to boarding-school and leaving you her money has given you advantages, but you hadn't ought to speak that way to your uncle Philiander."

"Well, then, don't let uncle cast suspicion on Albert Edward," said Bella, and sailed out of the room.

The family held council, and being an American family, could not see their way clear to forbidding the engagement, as an English, French or German family could.

Besides, Bella's was of age.

Theis agreed together, therefore, that they would make a merit of necessity and offer Isabella's suitor the right hand of friendship.

It struck them afterward that he did not seem to value it highly as he should. He was a very independent young man, who wore good clothes, had a diamond on his finger and another in his scarf, smoked cigars of fine quality, and talked of "sassify" and the opera.

Sara, who was the brightest of the family, thought him vulgar; Mrs. Bobbs believed him a very fine gentleman, and Bella managed to keep Uncle Philiander, in his yellow coat with horn buttons and ancient tall white hat, as much out of sight as possible.

She seemed to be gliding away from me in a strange, slow way. The bride-groom's hands (he was dripping wet as she was) held one of hers; but she stretched the other toward me.

"Farewell, Phebe!" she sobbed. "Farwell. Tell me—"

But at that moment, the man who had performed the ceremony stepped between us. The mask was gone from his face, and as I looked toward him, I saw, instead of some one I knew as I had expected, the figure that is always drawn as the likeness of Death.

It was too much for me, though I thought the bravest in the country, and I dropped senseless on the floor.

When I came to myself, I was alone, and the fire was out, and the gray morning was breaking. I was sick and sore, and I felt as though they had all been very cruel to me. I fancied that there had been a trick played on me by the man in the mask, and I was fiercely angry at it. However, I went home, and, creeping in at the door, was sound asleep before the maids were up and off with their milking-pails.

"We had a gay time at the party last night," said my sister to me at breakfast, "and you moping at home."

"Indeed," said I. "I was not. I was at a wedding."

"Then I told them the story. They were all there but brother Donald, and while I was talking and the rest screaming with surprise, he came in at the door, and stood there with his hand in his coat, listening also; but I noticed that he turned white as I went on, and when I had done, he called out, in a shrill, strange voice:

"Phebe! at what hour did all this happen?"

"At midnight," said I. "The clock had just struck as the bride and groom came in at the door."

"Don't say that, Phebe, don't say that!" for at eleven last night Delia and her lover were drawn together at the ford as they were running away together. The man who had them, and kindly give him that?"

Sara looked anxiously at the window where her sister sat staring into the rainy street.

"Would you like to see the photograph, dear?" she said, tremulously.

"Yes," replied Bella.

A temper stands one in good stead now and then. She was flushed and her eyes sparkled. She was not pale and ready to cry as Sara was. She arose and approached the garrulous sister-in-law.

"When Mr. Albert Edward Barrington returns, madame," said she, "kindly tell him that Miss Isabella Bobbs and her sister have done themselves the honor of calling on you, and kindly give him that."

Sara drew the engagement from the hand she had unclasped, and dropped it into the woman's lap as she spoke.

"Are you well, to be sure. I declare I didn't know you. Your having your beard shaved off made such a difference in your appearance. How are you?" and the Englishman grasped the hand that had fallen to the American's side. The foreigner then confessed that he had taken the other man for one of the "bunco-steers," of whose skill in finding out people's names he had been told. He was just about to call a policeman when he recognized the American.

The young New Yorker now feels convinced of his ability to raise a satisfactory beard, and tells the story to his friends to show them that their chaffing was unjust.

Nov. 1, 1890

## THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

## THE OLD-FASHIONED BALL CLUB

the 'dear' 'thout the 'brother' or 'son' a relative wud be after puttin' to it. An' O've kilt her, too, woe be the day!"

After the burial every one seemed to reverence the name of St. Fleur, and the lonely grave under the weeping willows had been faithfully and tenderly watched. And one day Torry McCormick carved the name of St. Fleur on a rough pine slab and put it at the head of the grave, with the remark that "would be 'nuff aisle to pint that the whole o'er it." Little did he realize then what he did afterward, that the "telling o'er it," would be more sorrowful and tragical than ever his great Irish heart had believed.

In early autumn came a beautiful, balmy day, and with it the closing features of the incident as related to me. The sun had almost set, when a carriage drove up the rugged road and stopped at the lumbermen's hut.

A fair young girl, neatly clad, alighted and came forward expectantly. Presently Torry McCormick's face became ghastly, and he whispered with white lips: "God help me; it's her as writ!" He grasped his hat and hurried out of the rear entrance, disappearing instantly in the gloom.

She had by this time stepped inside the hut, and in a gay tone, said: "Good-evening, gentlemen. Is St. Fleur Fuller in? Is this her abode?" As the questions fell from her lips each one of the group uttered an exclamation of surprise. Then all eyes fell on the expectant, but somewhat frightened, face of the girl before them, but what man of them could utter a syllable concerning the death of "Prince Ernest?"

She saw that something was woefully wrong instantly by the pained, hushed expression on each man's face.

"Oh, speak—what is it; tell me what has happened to him and where is he?" she cried, nervously clasping her gloved hands and gazing at the proprietor with an attitude pitiable to see.

With blanched face William Stanhope answered in low, unsteady tones: "Madam, suppose St. Fleur is very ill—"

"Oh, take me to him, then—quickly!" she interrupted, with quivering lips. "Please take me; he needs me!"

Not a man stirred, but every eye was fixed on the proprietor, and every ear strained to catch his reply.

"Madam," he began, in a husky faltering accent, "Madam, if St. Fleur could not recover?"

"Oh, are you mad? In Heaven's name take me to him—I beg of you not to say such cruel things," she answered, imploringly.

"St. Fleur is dead—dead and buried!"

The words came slow, as if the weight of each one was a fatal burden to him. His tones were strange and unnatural.

Stunned by this terrible intelligence, she gazed at him vacantly for a few moments; then a deadly pallor swept over her features, as she slowly comprehended what his words meant.

Each one present feared for her reason, and the horror deepened as she kept repeating to herself: "Dead, dead, St. Fleur dead!" No tears came to her relief, and not a soul present could bring himself to offer one word of sympathy as she stood there, repeating the fatal words: "Dead, dead, dead!" Suddenly a wild cry proceeded from the girl, and she fell prostrate at the feet of the proprietor.

With the silent assistance of the men she was quickly restored to consciousness. The dry hot eyes glared for an instant about her, then she wailed pathetically: "Take me where you have buried him. I must see him once more—I can't bear it—oh, oh!"

Gently supported by two of the men, they led her away, out along the moonlit shore, for the moon had risen and her gentle beams fell lovingly on the rugged mound and its little rough slab, turning the letters of the name St. Fleur to a beautiful silver hue.

Presently the agonized mourner stretched out her hands over the glistening waters by the side of the grave, and cried in a tone of despair, never to be forgotten by the listeners: "Oh, cruel, cruel waves! to rob me of my heart's best and dearest! Oh, St. Fleur, St. Fleur! Ha, ha, ha! No—no, he is not dead—he is coming to me over there—don't you see him—yes—" Another wild shriek escapes her, the eyes dilated with a strange terror, and before one of the amazed group can dash forward she again drops heavily to the ground. She, too, had passed "from this room to the next"—the victim of a broken heart.

And it was so that the wall of a broken heart going forth o'er the moonlit deep on this sweet September night gave the lake its present suggestive name.—Chicago Daily News.

## THE HAPPIEST HOUR.

How Some Well-Known Women Answered an Interesting Question.

Some time ago Edward W. Boak, of the Ladies' Home Journal, submitted to a number of the best-known American and European women the question: "Which, in your opinion, is the happiest hour of a woman's life?" This question is really the most unique of a long list of questions concerning women, their feelings and motives, that are torturing the masculine mind. The answers were no less unique and full of interest.

Johnny Comes Marching Home.

Five years ago little Johnny Hale, then a lad only eight years old, was stolen from his home, near Marion, Ind., by a band of gypsies. The disengaged parents spent several years trying to find traces of their missing boy, but gave up the search, mourning him as dead. The lad became attached to his gypsy friends and followed them on their pilgrimage through the Western States. The other day a boy—none other than Johnny Hale—stopped at the residence of a farmer named Joseph Welker, living near Elkhart. His clothes were ragged and he had the appearance of a boy tramp. He told Mr. Welker that the gypsies with whom he had been making his home had maltreated him and that he had run away, hoping to find his way home to his father and mother. The parents at Marion were telegraphed, and the boy mourned for dead for five long years is to be restored to them.

Torry McCormick, the perpetrator of the fatal joke, was the first to speak after the futile attempts were abandoned. Coming forward, he caressed the cold, calm face with his toll-worn palm, and exclaimed: "An shore Oi only meant to tame him a little, an' Oi've kill'm intirely! Oi shall be re-pintin' it till my heart is broke."

The men looked furtively at one another as McCormick staggered to a corner, sat down and covered his face with his stained hands.

Terry Cooke says: "I believe the happiest hour of a woman's life is her last."

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney thinks the happiest hour depends upon which woman it is, and does not think her happiest hour has yet come.

The "Duchess" can not decide—there are so many blissful hours in life for most of us. But, she, too, thinks "To love, and to feel oneself beloved—that is indeed to know the best of life."

Jenny June writes: "Twice in my life I have experienced moments of supreme exaltation, when all material

things seemed at a distance from me, and I was only alive to the perception and influence of the profound emotion excited by the circumstances and environment. One of these occasions was on first arriving at Stratford-on-Avon, the second while hearing 'Parisifal' at Bayreuth. Since then I have had a dim idea of the happiness we shall know when we can see, feel and understand."

Mrs. Frank Leslie thinks it is in the expectation of reaching the "top brick of the chimney" that the happiest hour is begun; "and, if by some prodigious effort we secure it, we find it sooty, battered, coarse, and clumsy, and we throw it out of the window," and the Happiest Hour of Life is over!

## THE PINKERTON FORCE.

The Pinkerton force, says the New York Journal, owes its existence to the energy and shrewdness of Allan Pinkerton. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1819, and in 1842 he arrived at Quebec after a stormy voyage. He found his way to Chicago and opened a cooper shop. When in search of materials for his work he discovered a gang of counterfeiters on an island in the Fox River. He succeeded in breaking up the gang, and displayed so much skill and nerve that he was appointed a deputy sheriff of Cook County.

While holding this position he conceived the idea of creating a detective organization free from political influences. Associated with a lawyer named Edward L. Rucker, in 1852 Pinkerton started the agency which now has offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Denver.

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## WOMAN'S INTUITION.

Nearly Always Right in her Judgment in Regard to Common Things.

An old gentleman over seventy, came into the city from his farm, without his overcoat. The day turned chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the fair.

A friend who remonstrated with him for going away from home thus unprepared, he said: "I thought it was going to be warm; my wife told me to take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than men anyway."

A frank admission.

Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; may it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to strike the nail on the head, in all the ordinary problems of life, more frequently than the lords of creation.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawling sensations, like the flowing of water in the head, succeed in breaking up the gang, and displayed so much skill and nerve that he was appointed a deputy sheriff of Cook County.

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